

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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A SCENE IN SPIRIT-LAND.
GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET, PURPORTING TO BE BY
MRS. HEMANS.

As the unclouded splendor of day is passing into the mellowed light of its sunset beauty, a band of happy Spirits were repose beside a sparkling fountain, whose clear and pell-mell waters reflect ten thousand colors of changing beauty as they sparkle in the ambient light. Flowers of immortal fragrance give forth sweet perfumes to the celestial air, and majestic trees whose foliage is of living green, spread out their arms inviting to repose and meditation. Birds of rare beauty whose notes give forth sweet music, such as is never heard by mortal ears, add a charm to the pure and happy scene. A low and gentle melody breathes upon the air. I look up, and behold a company of Spirits are approaching to join the ones already present. Their robes are bright and shining, and their countenances are radiant with the light which cometh from God. The wisdom of the holy presence sets upon each countenance, making it fair and peaceful to look upon, and yet they look gentle and loving. No shadow of earthly passions remains graven upon their seraph-faces. There is a glow of light, a gladdening, blissful feeling pervading the atmosphere in which they move. They are approaching the Spirits who are waiting to receive them. And now, they greet each other with a glad smile of welcome. A deep and unutterable joy seems to be welling up within each heart as it greets and welcomes the other. And those who have last come sit beside the fountain also, clasping each others' hands. They now bid each other recount to their companions the result of their labors, for they have been upon earth laboring earnestly and unceasingly, each in a different direction, and they now assemble to speak of that which they have accomplished as faithful workers, whose labor is that of love and undying hope in the redemption of their fellow-men. One says, beloved teacher, the task which I had to fulfil was hard. I spoke the words of wisdom which were given me. Some would listen, and some would turn away unheeding, forgetting that truth could come through other than those who were clad with authority which the law giveth. But some hungry souls who were thirsty for a draught of eternal truth received the words gladly and freely, and they became joyous in the knowledge of eternal and progressing wisdom. And when the jewels are gathered together, the beauty of their Spirits will be drops in the cup of my gladness. And another said, I went to earth full of mighty resolutions to do the will of my Father, to turn the hearts of men from man-mammon, to the purifying and ennobling influence of the knowledge of the love of God to them through the years of their past forgetfulness, their slumbering unconsciousness. And I thought I would speak with the voice of an entreating angel, that I would stir up the depths of their Spirits to see the darkness of their ways, the downward tendency of their paths. I approached the young; they would not hear me; their future was opening before them in rose-tinted colors, their passions and strengthening energies were gaining daily force from the reckless impulses which hurried them along; few would listen to my pleading voice, but said as in answer to my entreaties: "time enough, we are young, we are happy, we are striving to become leaders of the people, to rule the multitude, to sway the great mass, to step in the places of those who are daily going out from amongst us; curb not our ambition, clip not our soaring wings in their upward flight, but let us speed onward, ever onward, until we have reached the highest pinnacle of worldly ambition, and when all our wishes are satisfied, when our hearts no longer yearn and struggle for worldly aggrandizement, then we will listen to your pleading voice, then we will put the world beneath our feet and turn our thoughts to Heaven." I passed from the young to the old. Some would bear me doubtfully, mis-trusting the sound to be that of earth, so long had its delusive power enchanted their souls and kept them from all that was bright, that was fair or heavenly in their nature; that they could not raise their faith nor extend their grasp beyond the sphere where all their affinities were enshrined. Prayers they could utter with their lips, but they were those which had been given by rule to be repeated as a form through other lips. It was sad to leave them so unbelieving and yet so needy, so ignorant of the life which they were soon to enter, and yet, O, kind and loving guide, I had to pass on; my precious time could not be thus wasted in talking to hearts of stone! The idols of gold and silver ever impeded the Spirit-forms, the Spirit-voices from their hearts, and verily, I said within my soul, "it is not well that men should grow old in forgetfulness of their higher and eternal life, for, as man's time becomes shorter upon the sphere where his heart hath its only abiding place, he would faint

linger forever within the precincts which only seem to him as the brightest heaven which his soul can aspire to, and when he unwillingly leaves it, his soul finds no sympathy, no pleasure in the opening future before him." And I again spoke to the youth and said: "O! young man or young maiden, pause and think; thy heart is warm and bounding, the flowers of thy youth are blooming brightly, and making thee glad in the sunlit beauty of their gorgeous coloring; but the flowers of thy youth will perish, many of the hopes which thou wouldst realize will prove delusive, the vain shadows of thy own longing, and mock thee at last with bitter disappointment. Give ear now, to the appeal of love, hearken to the soft and pleading voice of angel-lips. Beings ethereal and pure, loving and anxious, surround thy youthful steps; turn not away, shut not thy heart against their gentle influences, but lift up thine eyes and ask thy Father to be the guide of thy youth, and He will surround thee with such guides as will uphold thee in the hour of trial, and save thee from the great pitfall of temptation. And when thou art old, that canst look upward with a brightening eye and a living knowledge that there is within thee a hope of eternal life strong and undying. And death shall not dim thy happiness, but it will open to thee the unrevealed book, whose pages are all unfolding one after another to thy astonished soul, the infinite wisdom, the boundless and unchanging love of thy heavenly Father. And I tell thee, O beloved guide, that some did stop and harken to my voice, and I placed upon their brows a talisman of hope, a wreath of undying flowers, which only Spirits might see, and when they approached those hearts, they would draw near and call them blessed; for lo, the still small voice of love had found an echo within their hearts. I blessed them, and their pathways shall be angel-lighted, and they shall give to others consolation and comfort through their short journey of life on earth.

Another Spirit now speaks. It is a female.—Her eyes are meek and dove-like; tears have often bedewed her cheeks, and her Spirit hath been chastened and purified through suffering and great sorrow. She said: "O loving guide, I come back from my earth journey, thankful that God hath permitted so feeble and unworthy a Spirit to join hands with those who love the cause of their Father so well. My first mission was to seek out the sorrowing, the broken-hearted ones of earth. O! how many, how numberless they are, and how I wished that every tear which came forth from the fountains of my heart, could be turned into a blessing for them. I lingered about them long, I whispered to their hearts of peace and hope. I spoke to them of the place where all tears are wiped from the mourners' eyes, and when a sorrowing mother grieved for her child, I brought the idol of her heart, and set it before her, that it might point her upwards, and then, I told her that a link had been established between her and heaven, a sympathetic chord which would ever draw her there, but she must keep it untainted. She must not snap it asunder by the cares and engrossing loves of earth. Her heart grew more hoping, and now she is not without the strength of hope.

I then spoke to a sad and erring daughter, whose crushed and weary Spirit desired the rest of oblivion. Her hopes had once been lighted by the trusting faith of love, and her poor Spirit had learned to curse the name, to wish that it might be blotted forever out of the records of Heaven. A bright had fallen upon her young life. O, weary and sad were the upbraidings of her Spirit, when conscious at times of its true but degraded position. She would have courted death with her own hand, but the future was fearful, and when she had thrown herself prostrate upon the earth, I drew near and whispered to her poor lacerated, despairing soul words of hope beyond the grave. She could not at first hear me, but gradually a great quiet and peace fell upon her Spirit, and she thought she was in a dream, a dream of childhood and happiness of innocence, and love. I bent over her shattered form and spoke in whispers which her heart might hear. I told her of repentance to swat the great mass, to step in the places of those who are daily going out from amongst us; curb not our ambition, clip not our soaring wings in their upward flight, but let us speed onward, ever onward, until we have reached the highest pinnacle of worldly ambition, and when all our wishes are satisfied, when our hearts no longer yearn and struggle for worldly aggrandizement, then we will listen to your pleading voice, then we will put the world beneath our feet and turn our thoughts to Heaven." I passed from the young to the old. Some would bear me doubtfully, mis-trusting the sound to be that of earth, so long had its delusive power enchanted their souls and kept them from all that was bright, that was fair or heavenly in their nature; that they could not raise their faith nor extend their grasp beyond the sphere where all their affinities were enshrined. Prayers they could utter with their lips, but they were those which had been given by rule to be repeated as a form through other lips. It was sad to leave them so unbelieving and yet so needy, so ignorant of the life which they were soon to enter, and yet, O, kind and loving guide, I had to pass on; my precious time could not be thus wasted in talking to hearts of stone! The idols of gold and silver ever impeded the Spirit-forms, the Spirit-voices from their hearts, and verily, I said within my soul, "it is not well that men should grow old in forgetfulness of their higher and eternal life, for, as man's time becomes shorter upon the sphere where his heart hath its only abiding place, he would faint

lost bosom, I drew near and blessed the orphan; I pressed him to my heart, and prayed to my Father in heaven to send angel-guides to watch over the immortal germ, to influence some benevolent heart to cherish the little withering flower, to give it some bosom to which its little heart might nestled in the spring-time of its life and twine around hereafter with love and affection. I watched him while he slept in his infantile innocence and desolation, and I said: "I pray thee, O Father of the fatherless, to cast a strong bulwark about this innocent one, that he may live an upright and holy life, and learn to call thee his Father, and know thee as such forever." Many sympathetic Spirit-friends were gathered round the lone child, and each one resolved to do a part to assist in leading that child aright, through life's checkered path. He was conducted through the aid of Spirits to a sympathetic heart; the neglected one was cared for; a kindly hand was stretched forth, and the little one's head now slumbers beneath a friendly roof. Thou will say, gentle teacher, that my prayers were answered, unworthy as I am. Many, many scenes of suffering and of misery, of desolation, and disappointment were witnessed by me while my earth-journey lasted, and my Spirit shall watch through their lives the good work which was given me the power to begin, and I will bless and magnify the goodness of my Father for His unbounded mercy to me, and I shall stand ready to greet each one as they enter their Spirit-home, and tell them of what mercy and protecting care hath followed their lives; for they will yet shine bright and glowing with immortal purity among those who have been redeemed from sin and suffering through the love of the Father, and in the light of eternity shall our Spirit see what the little seed hath grown to, which was so small as to be almost unseen; its rays will become those of resplendent light and dazzling beauty, as time develops in its unceasing progress the immortal attributes which belong to each unfolding germ.

Another speaks who has left earth. I came, said he, to report my work as only begun. Lo, I have wandered up and down, and I've penetrated into the secret recesses of man's most hidden motives. I have stood in the sacred places of earth, where man does lip-homage to his Creator, and I've watched the word as it fell coldly and without power upon the hearts of those who heard it, for verily, pomp and circumstances are but the impressions of an hour, and the sound of many words but created a confusion where they were not understood or rightly applied. I found no resting place for the sole of my foot in the structures which had been erected by the hand of man, as I've watched the word as it fell coldly and without power upon the hearts of those who heard it, for verily, pomp and circumstances are but the impressions of an hour, and the sound of many words but created a confusion where they were not understood or rightly applied. 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Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labora.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855.

PROBATION.

When in the course of human events it shall have come to pass that *honesty* and *humility* will be characteristic of all reasoning and theorizing, and men become willing to follow truth, be it ever so much opposed to their previous habits, then and not till then, will *consistency* be something less rare, though always precious as "jewels." We are reminded of this truth by the constant recurrence of facts, which not only in Spirit, but in the most literal manner do violence to everything like consistency, both in religion and philosophy. It is a generally acknowledged truth that the laws of Nations are predicated more or less on the dominant religion, and that the philosophy of that religion gives coloring to the variations and shades of culture peculiar to the age. This is almost a truism, so uniform is the history of the world in its illustration, but emphatically is it true of Christendom, be it Catholic or Protestant. Among the fundamental of all sects, so far as they pretend to have any system or philosophy to their theology, we know none more generally received than the doctrine of *probation*, which may be defined as that theory which makes man's existence on the earth a *trial*, the efficacy and virtue of which fits him for the test of fellowship in the Spirit-world. Pendent to this theory is the doctrine of "rewards and punishments," the very mention of which reminds us of the dark scenes in civil (3) and ecclesiastical history, in which "the very air is heavy with the sighs of the martyred dead, the prisoned reformer, and the conscientious Christian." Indeed, this doctrine of "rewards and punishments," has been the *sine qua non* of Protestantism, and has so generally incorporated into the make-up of Christendom, that to this day it lives on the "statute book" as a qualification for the *truth* and *reality* of all sworn witnesses in our courts of law. True, the application of the *test* is not now insisted on with the same positiveness it was only a few years ago, but is no less a point of law, that all shall believe in "future rewards and punishments." We mention this fact not to discuss the doctrine of rewards and punishments, but to show the importance of the dogma of "probation" to the reader, for without rewards or punishments there could be no such thing as *trial* in any sense we are now accustomed to use the word. If, however, the law has become neglectful in not enforcing this point, the Church is still positive in vindicating the solemnities that gather round the responsibilities of life in sight of the fact that all *probationers* are expected to make their "calling and election sure," since "in the grave there is no *repentance*," and "after death no change." Of the truth or falsity of this philosophy of *Probation*, we shall offer no remark at present, as we bring it into court only to have it bear witness against some of the issues made by an apostate ministry and a corrupt and irreligious press, who make use of every means to ridicule and degrade Spiritualism. Were it not for the historical fact that the dominant religious feeling gives color to the other departments of society, we would be at loss how to comprehend the issues which members of the press make upon Spiritualism, since the facts and premises of its philosophy are of a character that speak alike to the plainest sense and the most exalted mind. These facts, instead of ignoring the doctrine of *probation*, make it principle, for the revelations which the past five years have given, illustrative of Spirit-intercourse and its phases, makes the declaration of Christ ("the kingdom of heaven is within you") not only authoritative, but final in Spiritual science, and gives a dignity and importance to Spiritual culture which the dogmatic theologian and bigot has failed to effect.

And yet, in sight of the plainest induction from any of the fundamentals of Spiritual life, not a few of the editorial press are ever ready to select some phase of Spiritual intercourse, and set it forth in the most ridiculous manner, the better to bring the whole thing into contempt. The most painful part of the reflection is in the fact, that not a few of the ministry join hands with these "hirelings of the press," and in their desire to do and say something that may be injurious to Spiritualism, forget that they are sapping the foundations of their own creeds, and the order and virtue of society, so far as one or both of these depend on religion for vitality and power.

The following will illustrate these remarks, for while it proves that the culture of this life goes with us to the Spirit-sphere, the Spirit of the article and its general publication shows the intent of the writer and the obvious purpose of the editors.

A DEPARTED SPIRIT SENDING FOR HIS TEA-KETTLE.—A skeptical investigator of Spiritualism gives to the Boston Times the following chapter of his experience at a Spiritual sitting in Pawtucket, R. I., a few days since.

The medium was Mr. H., who had been an auctioneer. A few moments previous an intemperate old man by the name of W. had died. He had sold his effects, and himself bid off a copper tea-kettle for a few cents. And now on calling for the Spirits to respond, the "raps" came and spelled out the name of old Mr. W. It was asked "if he wished to make any communication," and the answer was "Yes." So he proceeded and spelled out by the raps, "I will take my tea-kettle!" The tea-kettle was then simmering on the cook-stove which stood in the room! and while the astonished "medium" heard its humming "response" and the message of old Mr. W., he became horribly frightened, and it was a long while before he was content to sit down for the raps again. However, in the process of time this shock was partially forgotten, and Mr. H. was persuaded him to sit again for the "sounds." They had no sooner "fornicid the circle" than this same old Mr. W. announced himself again, and rapped out by the alphabet, "I will take my tea-kettle." This was so perplexing to the medium that he refused to sit any more; and soon after the tea-kettle aforesaid was among the missing, and I do not know that it has been heard to simmer since.

The Una. This well-known organ of Woman's Rights we have missed from among our exchanges for some time, and had almost come to the conclusion that some one had made *loci* to "our paper," when we learned that it had stopped to make a more practical and permanent arrangement, as the editors and publishers are determined to fight the good fight of practical right and Spiritual culture. We wish the "Una" and all concerned success, and hope the following will stimulate many to do the "one thing" needed—subcribe.

The Una has been free in its character, admitting almost every variety of opinion, and the treatment of almost every subject that might, with propriety, come within its province to investigate and discuss. Such it will continue to be. Art, Science, Literature, and Religion, the Re-organization of society, and individual development, will each receive their due share of attention.

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spect of person." We see no absurdity, therefore, in an "intemperate old man" asking the medium for his "tea-kettle," for it might have been the only point of union in their spheres. And if uniformity of concession, and agreement of testimony can prove the doctrine of "probation," the revelations of Spirit-intercourse have made it a fixed fact in Spiritual science, for the evidence conclusively proves "that as you sow, that shall you also reap."

To illustrate this, let the following have its full significance, as it comes from the one best qualified to judge—i. e. the sufferer.

CAUTION TO STUDENTS.—We learn from a gentleman who is intimate in Spiritual circles, that there has recently been a communication received from a late poet who committed suicide, who expresses great regret for his rash act, as he has not changed his heart until it is plain to *good* sense that there is no virtue in him. Brother Hewitt is not of that class, for his mission, so far as we understand him, is and has been to unite and harmonize the reformatory and Spiritual elements, rather than to make issue with the *faith of any*.

The following from his prospectus will give all needed explanation to those who wish light.

In sight of these facts it is a "melancholy jest" for men to make light of the lessons of life, and ignore the teachings of the Spirits, since heaven or hell must ultimate from these earth relations. We do not hold to torments or punishments in the angular or agonizing sense of those words, but we do attach deep meaning to them, so much so as to consider it *moral suicide* for any soul to be forgetful of the claims of Spiritual culture and moral development.

Christian! be ye layman or minister, editor or mechanic, in the church or out of the synagogue, it is *wise* to ignore and make light of the testimony which this new unfolding of Spiritual life is giving to the age? Is it the part of the sage to neglect that, which in the most significant manner seeks to make the citizen civilized, the Saint Spiritualized, and the philosopher religious? No!! And yet Spiritualism does all this, for it shows the picture of life as it is, not "through a glass darkly" for it would have all men repent of error and wrong, and come into fellowship with God and his government.

Reader, in a celestial and heavenly sense, as well as in a personal and selfish one, it is true, that "he that is wise, is wise for himself." "Judge thou."

PAPERS OLD AND NEW.

Whatever may be the fate of many of the newspapers now in existence, no one can doubt but as humanity unfolds, the culture and philosophy that come with its development will need proper organs for their dissemination and popularization, so that new papers will be called into existence with the fresh developments and expanding phases of progress. Competition in the newspaper department, like competition in every other sphere of life, will work for good, since it will not only cheapen the general tariff of prices, but be a stimulant to the Spiritual culture of those working in the editorial family. When the monied reward *fails*, *lore's labor* commences, so that it will be true in the battle of newspaperdom as in the battle of life, "he that endures to the end, the same shall be saved."

In the meantime, we are pleased to see that the reformatory families are determined to multiply and sustain progressive organs, for the advocacy of their respective views. We know what *prudence* would say about "sustaining a few good organs," &c., but the unfolding of the mind needs new phases of culture, as the development of the body requires different sized garments.

While, therefore, we feel the need of caution and prudence in a business sense, we also see the necessity for multiplying the phases of culture, that all may be brought to a knowledge of the truth.—To the "man of money," the multiplication of papers may be more significant of speculation and dollar-and-cent enterprise, than reform and progress, since there are times when *cant* is marketable and reform fashionable; but if all such could for a moment remember that there is progress in this very "make-believe philanthropy," it would soon cease, since it has been well said, that "that he who acts the *hypocrite* pays *homage* to *cruelty*."

To the really reformatory and honest, the Spiritual and progressed, who accept the mission of life with all its ups and downs, its alterations, its bran new plans and speculations," as the unfolding of the divinity that shapes these seemingly inconsistent ends, nothing can be lost to *human* and *Spirit* good, that is laid on the altar of humanity with clean hands and upright souls, be the organ of their propagation permanent or transient.

Among the new candidates for patronage and usefulness, we have received No. 3 of a neat and handsomely printed paper, called "THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE." It is about the size of our issue or a trifle larger, published weekly at Philadelphia, "at two dollars per annum, strictly in advance." If we understand the teachings of this number, it is to be a practical as well as a theoretical woman's *utmost* organ, since the editing as well as the type setting, is to be done by women. Whatever the "trade" may say and do about this, we cannot say, but it is plain that to "this complexion must we come at last," if the issue for woman's rights and woman's independence is to ultimate in any thing practical and useful. That great changes must come to the future of labor, must be self-evident to every thinking mind at all acquainted with the improvements in machinery and the many branches of the mechanical arts, so that of necessity, the rules of trade will have to yield to the competition natural to progress and the pressure of the times. We hope, therefore, "THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE" will receive the fellowship and cooperative aid of the reformatory public, that the experiment may be fully tested, since there are many who doubt the practical ability of woman for anything so hazardous and complicated as the "make-up" and publishing of a paper.

"THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE" has a fine heading, illustrative of the practical of the paper; and is in its "make up," judging from this number, a good family paper. And I do not know that it has been heard to come since.

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business letters should be addressed (postpaid) to S. C. Hewitt, No. 15 Franklin street, Boston, Mass. All communications designed for the paper should be addressed to Paula W. Davis, Washington, D. C.

THE NEW ERA. This well-known sheet has been doing many battle for progress and right so long that few words will be needed from us in calling attention to the fact that the *third* volume is in progress of development. The paper has been enlarged and generally improved in its "make-up," so that while the clear type and good paper please the eye, the matter and liberal Spirit of the argument will be acceptable to the mind. It may be there are those who may not sympathize with many of these discussions, but *reform* must have the dress and external of the reformer, and he should be heard until it is plain to *good* sense that there is no virtue in him. Brother Hewitt is not of that class, for his mission, so far as we understand him, is and has been to unite and harmonize the reformatory and Spiritual elements, rather than to make issue with the *faith of any*.

The following from his prospectus will give all needed explanation to those who wish light.

The new volume begins with entire new type and a new head—will consist from week to week about one-third more reading matter than it ever had before. And yet for this, among other additions to its expenses, there will be no addition to its price. The paper will be sold at a still more moderate price for our new rulers to perform. We may remove three feet of mud on Broadway, but there is still greater damage of moral filth, which will be lessened upon the city that the *new* rulers will be able to do. The greater the difficulty, however, the greater the indictment to proceed.

Surely, amid such a state of things, the Spirit of man needs to have faith in good, and hope in its popularization, that *charity may suffer long and be kind*.

city has only commenced. We expected that the new city government would give as clean streets—that we should be relieved from the dirt of the city, and the dirt of the world. But there is still more to do for our new rulers to perform. We may remove three feet of mud on Broadway, but there is still greater damage of moral filth, which will be lessened upon the city that the *new* rulers will be able to do. The greater the difficulty, however, the greater the indictment to proceed.

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WHOM SHALL WE BELIEVE?

Under the head of "Spiritualism in California," we published in Nos. 28 and 30, two very extraordinary communications purporting to come from the Spirit of a Mr. Lane, which we copied from the *Pioneer* of San Francisco. At the time we made some comments on the character of the testimony if true, and its tendency if false, but concluding in the belief that it was true, since positive testimony was given to that effect. Since then, not a few have asked about the *reliability* of the communications, but *few* if any expressed positive doubt, until a San Francisco correspondent to the Daily Tribune of this city gave us to understand it was a "joke." Since then, not a few have got to be "marvellous wise," and assure us they *never* believed the statement.

Now, we do not wish to get a reputation for *wisdom* at the expense of the *good faith* we delight to cherish for the moral integrity of our neighbors, and are therefore *free* to say that we had the best *presumptive* evidence in the world for its truth, for aside of the *positive* testimony of the writer, we have the additional evidence of Mr. James A. Austin, who made it a matter of personal examination.

As the case now stands, there is *falsehood* somewhere, but we will need more testimony than the random say-so of an irresponsible correspondent to make us believe that man even in California, can be so *depraved* as to *intentionally* do so much evil as must result from such irreligious falsification of the living and dead.

The reader will do well, therefore, after reading the following, to call to mind or refer to Mr. Austin's letter published in No. 23 of the Christian Spiritualist, as it is in nearly all particulars a contradiction to the statement of the Tribune's correspondent.

"We believe that no man should yield his judgment *implacably* either to Spirits out of or Spirits in the form. Many Spirits are as *familiar* to us as they were in the days of the patriarchs, and are *conversant* with us. Education has been had on earth, could it be expected otherwise? To check this, and promote a healthy and living religion is the object of the Spiritual Universe paper."

Mr. Green advocates the principles as given in the prospectus of the first number; it will take a free and untrammeled course in regard to all subjects connected with the wants of human progress.

He will speak upon all subjects will be admitted, and though devoted principally to the advancement of the Harmonial Philosophy, it will be free for the admission of well written articles on any of the *reform* movements of the age—advocating *progress in all things*."

He will be *open* to all, and will be *ready* to receive communication from the Spirits of Mr. Lane, and *communicating* with them.

"There is a *joke* out, which will probably attract great attention on your side of the water. The Editor of the *Pioneer*, some months ago, inserted in his magazine an article which pretended to contain communications from the Spirit of Mr. Lane, in the other words, the story was written with a good deal of *imagination*, and was *published* as a *good* article. The Spiritualists, who supported it, believed it to be *all true*. The leading medium in a communication to the *Chronicle*, spoke of it as *true*; but the Editor of that journal hinted that it was not *true*; and the *Evening News* of the 20th and 21st August, which was the title of the article. It is said that not long since Mr. Ewer, the Editor of the *Pioneer*, received a letter from New York, signed "Ewer," in which he *admitted* that he had *written* the article, and *communicated* with the Spirits of Mr. Lane, and *communicating* with them.

The reader will also remember this was written for the *Tribune*, where editors have not been either complimentary or decent in their reflections on Spiritualism and its phenomena.

BR. JONATHAN KOONS' ROOMS.

The reader will find on page fourth of this issue an account of a visit made to the Spirit-Rooms of Jonathan Koons by Br. Haskell, Editor of the *Spirit Advocate*, published in Rockford, Ill. As this is the *third* report that has been published in our columns on the subject, it may seem there is nothing new in the testimony, but if it is read with the proper attention and subjected to a discriminative reflection, it will give new and convincing proof of the *reality* of Spirit-intercourse, for what possible motive can there be in so many persons giving a like testimony in favor of a falsity or an impossibility?

We press this question home, and insist that our opponents give us an answer, for if it can be proved that in this historic and measurably enlightened age men will club together for imposition and imposture, what is to save the world from universal skepticism? We did not write the above heading, however, for the purpose of philosophizing on testimony, but to call the attention of the reader to the letters of Br. Koons and his friends, which give a detail of his past losses, sufferings and present wants. Not long since, we called attention to this subject, and we are happy in being able to report progress, so far as to say some *money* has been received, and we have the names of friends good for *five* dollars each. Spiritualists, will you make this a practical question by giving it a little attention?

We know of few instrumentalities that have done more to bring the subject before the public and been more efficacious in producing conviction of Spirit-intercourse than the *positive* and *unguessed* testimony of all that have visited these Spirit-Rooms. Shall Br. Koons be sustained in his mission of good, that he may be the instrument of converting thousands in the South and West?

BROTHER J. M. SPEAR.

Among the phases of mediumship as yet developed, we know of none so important to the world, or efficacious of direct and positive good, as the *Healing Medium*. It is true, nevertheless, that all manifestations of Spiritual power are efficacious, since it heals the bleeding wounds of *doubt*, and gives new life to the *Spiritually dead*; but the *healing* medium proper, that gives peace of mind while attending to the suffering needs of the sick, the diseased, and the *undeveloped*, has the most exalted mission, since *good* is accomplished as a *premise* for all future unfolding, without which happiness and progress would be difficult, if not impossible.

The Brother whose name heads this article, is somewhat known as one of this class, from the fact that he has been the medium of some wonderful cures. If any one doubts of the *good* that can be done in this way, we advise such an one to read with attention the statement of Brother Atwood, found in another column, thinking the while, that like or still more singular cases have been effected by Brother Spear.

The humane efforts of this brother for you, in visiting the unfortunate of crime, want and social wrong, is the principle in and about Boston, should be a strong recommendation of his present mission, and we hope that whatever of difference there may be between his theory of reform and the method by which he gets at the philosophy of Spiritualism, and so generally received views on those subjects among the Spiritual family, that when the *mission is practical*, and so obviously calculated to do good, *all* will unite in helping on the good work, that it may become a *great* joy unto all people.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

The subscriber having been quite thoroughly educated by the Association of Beneficiaries, will either visit the sick, disharmonized, inconvenienced at their dwelling, or will receive them at his place of abode, (Melrose, Mass.) While charges will not be made for services, offerings of gratitude will be thankfully received. When desired, his daughter (Mrs. S. B. Butler) will accompany him to record the things said. He may be

Poetry.

And Poesy too shall lend her aid.
Persuading as she sings,
Scattering o'er your shaded earth
Sweet incense from her wings.

[From the Crisis]

GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE.

BY MRS. E. M. CUTTERIN.

I see them coming in their might,
With spoils from the battle-field,
The world is in the way of right,
With truth their weapon, faith their shield.
I see the sad, dark lines of woe,
That stretched so far along the plains,
And the long, dark shadows go,
When suns are in the sky again;
I see the stars above a man,
And sink his fitter in the sea,
And dim shadows meet me there,
The man of mystery;
Rising like dead men from their graves,
One harmonious brotherhood;
One peaceful, kindred soul;
The man kindred pure and good,
And lot I see highways of thought
Linking the earth unto the skies;
A man by his friends and foes,
On which our prayers and wishes ride;
I see the earth, the "gate of tears,"
Transformed into a blithe abode;
All abode, all surrows, gales and fears,
All buried in the blesting soil.

Mark! Now I hear a joyous sound
Like the voices of the angels of creation's birth—
And winds of life, and voices of the earth—
The anthems swelling from the earth,
Bells all glorious wail the soul
With their devout and hearts unstained
Then near the source of their God,
And dwell in Paradise prepared.
Rockton, Ill., Jan. 1853.

[From the Knickerbocker Magazine.]

KINDELD SPIRITS.

BY A. FLOYD FRAZEE.

Gentle as the weeping-willow,
Sighs responsive to the breeze,
Or the half-sighed whisper
To the half-sighed gale,
Bend the chords of kindred spirits,
Wakeful to each other's strains;
Each the other's impulse sharing,
Knows its joys, and feels its pains.

Sweetly the wail-herb troubled,
Sighs of the heart, the soul,
Where the grief haunts the bower,
In the winter wood-lands green—
Speaks the silver voice, confiding,
In the secret of the quiet hours,
Thoughts whose depth of latent being
Stir the fountains of our own.

Fondly as the waking flower,
From the drowsy air of light,
Smiles to greet the pleasant morning,
With its cheerfulness and light—
Tears of the heart, the soul of sadness,
Yielding to the mystic love,
Which transmits the sweet assurance
That a sister soul is nigh.

Furore, O KINDRED FELIPE,
Whence thy sweet impulses flow,
Man, joy, and gladness, pleasure now;
Thou dost proach of love immortal—
Love beyond the sphere of Time;
Thou hast, sure, thy birth in Heaven;
Earth is not thy native clime.

WHAT I WISH.

I know that I desire,
That men were truer,
That men were plainer,
And rarer and rarer were fewer.

I wish that truth was current coin
In all the world, and that men now,
Those men were honored for their worth,
And not for wealth and station.

I wish that Christians would agree
To follow Christ's example,
That ministers were good and true,
And their principles ample.

I wish that country papers were
As good as men could make them;
And furthermore, I wish that all
Good citizens would take them.

BROOKLYN SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AND LECTURES.—On Sunday, February 4, there will be two meetings at the Brooklyn Institute, Washington street, viz.: Conference at half-past ten, A. M., and at three o'clock, P. M., the Rev. Uriah Clark will give a lecture on the Philosophy of Spiritual manifestations. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

NOTE.—The Brooklyn Spiritualists have taken the Lecture Room of the Brooklyn Institute for one year from 1st inst., and will hold two meetings on each Sunday, and one each Wednesday evening. Until further notice, there will be a Conference every Sunday morning at half-past ten o'clock, and lectures every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, and every Wednesday evening at half-past seven o'clock. The Institute is situated on Washington street, one door from Concord street, one block from Fulton street, and but about five minutes' walk from Fulton Ferry. All Spiritualists who usually attend the several New York Conferences, and the public generally, are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

LETTER TO DR. DODS.

NO. IX.

This salvation can come only through the name of Jesus, as the crucified son of the Father, sent to do the Father's will. Now this damning sin of ignorance is no excuse for ignorance, for it is asserted, they might know if they could, though it is also said, that in the first place, when man was first made, and of course very ignorant, he desired knowledge, and for striving to gain knowledge in opposition to God's will, (for fear he may, would know as much as he did, being a jealous God,) was the cause of His displeasure, and the cause also of all the evil that has been in the world ever since. So the sin of present ignorance is the effect of the cause of that sin of ignorance. Now God being determined before the sin was committed, that some should be saved by His Son's death, and that some should not, that His love might be the more made manifest, elected such as he chose from the foundation of the world, as children of his favor, called the righteous, while the remainder he left exposed to all the perils of the devil's warfare, without providing for them. Yet is it said, notwithstanding this foreordination of an Almighty God, that provision is made for all, and if all do not come forward and accept of the terms of salvation, it is their own fault, and God can justly send them to hell, although he has decreed that they should be lost even before they were born.— Yet this is no excuse for them, because they do not know whether they are elected unto salvation or not, and are inexcusable if they do not repent and accept of the offered mercy to all, although at the same time it is decreed that they must not accept, yet still is the invitation proffered to them as if they could accept, and if they do not, God in wisdom has a perfect right to damn them for being just what they are, through his foreordination, without any knowledge on their part. Yet still further, it is urged that they alone are to blame, that God has given them their choice; although he has previously put it out of their power to choose by his own will, and that his purpose must be accomplished.

This God is a kind and compassionate father also, and loves all who fear him and obey him, yet he keeps them in ignorance of many things relative to himself, lest a knowledge of himself should make them vainglorious over him; and in blindness he chastises them for that they know not, but to make them love him the more, through fear of disobeying him, when his requirements are many of them of so doubtful an origin and meaning, as to have puzzled the heads of the wisest of his lawyers, rom time immemorial.

This is urged, however, as no excuse, for that the

wayfaring man though a fool not err therein, though all the knowledge of the wisest men who have ever lived, has failed to reconcile the contradictions in this plain revelation.

Now it is said that this God has a right to hate his enemies and punish them for mere revenge, long after it is out of their power to harm themselves, him, or any one else, for the very simple reason that their father and mother disobeyed him, and because they could not or could not believe that he in the shape of his son, who was a man, died for them. But his especial people, those whom he chooses from the foundation of the world as his favorites, though they do disobey, if they will only believe that they were wicked enough to kill their God, then he will pardon and receive into his everlasting favor. It makes no difference how much these wicked ones may love one another, unless they will believe in this atonement through the Son, and believe that his blood which he chose will only bring them salvation, good or much improved health; but the matter did not rest here, for that extraordinary experiment, numerous persons in this place have been induced to be developed as healing mediums, and their practice is very extensive, and much joy, and many interesting incidents accompany many of the cures performed by these mediums. It is very common for the old school physicians to say to the friends of a patient, "there is little or no hope of a recovery, &c." when some friend of the patient would relate the wonderful cures of a healing medium. The medium is sent for; injunctions of secrecy are laid down; the medium influences the patient; the doctor visits the patient the next day; sees a great change for the better; leaves more medicine; takes care of it; influences the patient; the next day the doctor says, hit the nail that time, and says the change is so great that a recovery is favorable; and so goes the matter for from two to six days; doctor smells something mysterious in the matter; makes strict inquiries; finds nothing satisfactory; but sees none of those symptoms peculiar to the effects produced by his poisons; leaves the patient, cursing the common humbugs of the day; sometimes the physician says the patient cannot live, and one visit of the medium is sufficient. The doctor is not satisfied that the patient has been visited by a medium and is well; the doctor is raving, abuses the parties, says the patient is only magnetized, is urged to do so, sees the patient free from disease; leaves crest-fallen, muttering to himself the maladies and denunciations he will heap on the medium when he sees him. Now, this is not the case with all physicians here, for several have told their patients honestly, there was no help for them in their practice, and have brought or sent their patients to me. I have treated three old experienced physicians for diseases they said could not be cured by their methods, also treated cases in the families of two other physicians, and in all these cases, they are honest enough to own their experience in the most satisfactory manner. A constant practice for nearly a year, with an extensive observation, has brought before me much that is beautiful. The Spirits who guide in this matter are of the highest order of talent while on earth, and their experience in the Spirit-world has added much to their store of knowledge. Some of the directors are ancient Greek philosophers, while others are of but few years' experience in the Spirit-world. Their anxiety to bring the healing art as a science before the world is great. For the benefit of the world, they are explaining the causes of all diseases and the manner they are developed. As yet the scientific world, as far as my observation has extended, has never been able to account for or tell what causes ulcers, tumors, scrofula, white swellings, and in short, all kinds of cutaneous diseases, &c., or how they are formed, or where they originate. Sometimes they speculate upon some imaginary causes, but it satisfies only the speculator or persons susceptible to his influence, but the law that causes all diseases is so clear by Spirit-explanation, that it carries conviction and proof to all who investigate it. I have conversed with many intelligent physicians, and they are all interested with the philosophy of diseases as given by these Spirits, although many do not believe in Spiritualism, but believe the instructions received as merely a knowledge of the matter obtained by myself through a clairvoyance, without explaining what clairvoyance is. But they say, it matters not, only if it prove to be as true as the teachings indicate.

I hope that if the healing art has as great a claim as it appears to have, that more attention will be paid to it. Friends will excuse me if my style of writing is bad or ideas not clear, as my language is very poor, and as a writer have but little or no experience. My mediumship has not been limited to the healing art, but has expanded into various branches of the natural sciences.

Yours &c., J. G. Atwood.

ATMOS. COFFEE, O. Jan. 24, 1853.

EDITOR CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.—Dear Sir: In No. 88 of your paper I noticed an article from an "Inquirer" calling upon the friends of reform to "act in their 'moral' and aid in building Mr. Koons a suitable and comfortable accommodations. His barn was a good one, but this has been entirely destroyed, together with a year's crop, and the small amount of funds laid up for making improvements about his house, were expended in providing the necessities of life for his family and visitors. We feel that something must be done. The man must be sustained, and the cause sustained; and if we do not come up and do something, the phenomena here must cease. Mr. Koons must either be assisted or he must abandon the manifestations for the benefit of the public. A little from each will do the work, and keep the ball in motion. Will we do our duty?

For more than two years has Mr. Koons been engaged in giving these public demonstrations to prove the fact of Spirit-intercourse. The public have denounced him, all manner of unkind things and abuse, but he has suffered since he commenced. Very few have suffered such persecution. He goes on in the even of his way, doing good for evil, and thus living out his religion. Profession is one thing, action is another.

We are few in number that believe in Spirit-intercourse, but are willing to contribute our part to relieve the burden of

this family and accommodate the numerous visitors that are constantly coming and going to this place. We hope to hear a favorable response to this call. We would suggest an additional sum of \$500 for the purpose of building a barn, and thus make him comfortable in-door and out.

S. C. PORTER,
SAM. FULLER,
AZERIAH PRATT.

Abstract of the Proceedings at the Conference at No. 553 Broadway, Friday Evening, Jan. 26.

[PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED.]

Mr. Toohey read a paragraph taken from the New York Sun of to-day, which will be found in another column, in reference to Mayor Wood putting down fortune tellers, and all those engaged in a similar business, and commented upon the Spirit manifested by the writer of the paragraph. The substance of his remarks upon this point will be found appended to the article referred to in another column. He thought charity should be exercised toward all such persons, as this was the greatest virtue we could practice.

A picture was exhibited for the inspection of those present, purporting to have been produced without the direct agency of a medium, an account of which was given in our last issue.

Mr. Barnard mentioned the fact of his having seen another spirit picture, and in perfect accordance with the picture of Rembrandt's "Prodigal Son." The substance of his remarks upon this point will be found appended to the article referred to in another column. He thought charity should be exercised toward all such persons, as this was the greatest virtue we could practice.

Mr. Randolph: As the word is generally understood; I believe it is but creation of man in his undeveloped state. The world and all things in it, are progressing out of this idea of justice; and it will be merged into the conception I have of divine love.

Mr. Levy questioned the idea of there being no such thing as justice.

Mr. Randolph: As the word is generally understood; I believe it is but creation of man in his undeveloped state. The world and all things in it, are progressing out of this idea of justice; and it will be merged into the conception I have of divine love.

Mr. Toohey remarked: I thought I tried to make myself understood, but it appears not. I will try now to fill up that deficiency. I thought the article I read from the Sun was sufficiently broad in the premises to warrant a few assumptions. I assumed that the man who wrote that article was destined alike of the principle of truth and veracity. Now for such a man to ask justice is to ask condign condemnation. According to the fairest appreciation of justice, he would be reduced to the lowest grade of physical and social servitude. It may be well for the man whose soul has attained some degree of truth and purity to seek for justice. I believe myself said, I ask nothing of God but justice; but it was a presumptuous speech, and will not bear analyzing.

Mr. Toohey added: I thought I tried to make myself understood, but it appears not. I will try now to fill up that deficiency. I thought the article I read from the Sun was sufficiently broad in the premises to warrant a few assumptions. I assumed that the man who wrote that article was destined alike of the principle of truth and veracity. Now for such a man to ask justice is to ask condign condemnation. According to the fairest appreciation of justice, he would be reduced to the lowest grade of physical and social servitude. It may be well for the man whose soul has attained some degree of truth and purity to seek for justice. I believe myself said, I ask nothing of God but justice; but it was a presumptuous speech, and will not bear analyzing.

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[From Life's Illustrated.]

TO HIM WHO HOLDS HIS LIFE IN FEW.

To him who holds his life in few
Each act is ever day or night
Is but a spark of time
And the world right contends
With error, and the swords they wield
Are subtle thoughts, the battle-field
The soul in subpliance to its King
Dost, oh, God! Impart such might
Such vigor to the arm of right
That it may stand
But strike a four-fold crushing blow,
And strive with stern Herculean will
To bind, to mire, to dash, to kill,
To snuff out life, to snuff out light
Oh, God! the cause of right is thine!
The souls of men belong to thee!
We know that we shall yet be free!
Oh, God! vouchsafe us strength divine.

Thus can my dream one winter's night
When all without was dark and drear,
The storm was wild. I woke in fear;
I prayed and slept till morning light
And awoke to find
And as I pondered more and more,
My soul expanded with the scheme
Of a new life, and I said,
That life shall be the bane of all,
And truth, on error's final fall,
Become the universal law.

A PRAYER FOR US ALL.

God of the material, God of the storm,
God of the power, and of the worm;
Hear us and bless us;
Forgive us, redress us!
Breathe on our Spirit the love and the healing—
Teach us now to love, by thy fatherly dealing—
Teach us to love thee.
To love one another, brother his brother,
And make us all free;
Free from the curse of man for man;
Free from the curse of man for his neighbor;
Help us each to fulfil his true mission;
And show us 'tis manly, 'tis God-like to labor!

God of the darkness, God of the sun;
God of the beautiful, God of each one;
Clothe us and feed us,
Hear us and bless us;
Show us that avarice holds us in thrall—
That the land is all thine, and thou givest to all;
Scatter our blindness;
Help us to see the day and the night—
To love mercy and kindness;
Aid us to conquer mistakes of the past;
Show us our future to cheer us and arm us;
The upper, the better, the meanness that hast;
And, God of the grave, that the grave cannot harm us.

[From the Weekly Comet.]

REFORM.

It is with no little pride that our Judge and our people should recur to the fact that, at the late session of the district court in this and our sister Parish, there was not a single charge for the grand jury to investigate. Perhaps this thing has never before occurred. Does this not argue an improvement in public morals and a disposition to observe the law? and yet to assign any particular cause would be out of the question. But that there is a mighty revolution going on in our country, more powerful than war and bloodshed could make it, is very evident. Every thing social, moral and political is stamped with the impress of reform. We do not altogether agree with those who with "foreodings dire" predict a great civil war. The time has now arrived in the history of our country, when in its most powerful and peaceful workings must carry on all great schemes without the aid of physical force. Though human nature in the abstract is just what it has always been, it is operated upon by different influences, its desires are more elevated, its passions more subdued and its workings more peaceable. Men are getting to view things in a different light. They are forming quite different estimates of each others' merits and placing the standard of individual greatness upon higher grounds. That is not the great man now, who in the language of David "was famous according as he listed up axes upon the thick trees," nor him who with giant strength can hurl destruction and death among his enemies. Nor yet he who lifting himself far above his fellows by the ambition of his soul and the success of his toil, only seeks his individual glory and preferment. But he is the great man who loves his neighbor as himself, who in whatever sphere of life he may be thrown, will always remember that he should know where his brother is, should always display a sensibility to the sorrows and a satisfaction at the happiness of others; whose soul should ever go out in warm pulses to the help of those about him. Joanna Baille says:

"Who will not give
Some portion of his ease, his blood, his wealth,
For others good is a poor frozen churl."

But in proportion as men's views of greatness and usefulness change, so do they change in the selection of those whom they place in power; and all these give character to the nation, and if competent, zest to public authority and laws; all reforms must, in a great measure, depend upon those who serve the country. Though not specially called upon to do so, there is none who may not in some way contribute to the public weal; and it should be the care of every patriot to strike every blow for his country that circumstances will allow.

"If each would seize the occasion where his virtue
Might aid his country, to the public good,
His share confirming, states to less of ill,
Exposed, would, thenceforth stand secure and flourish."

This truism of Euripides should find a hearty response in every patriot, and now while the work of reform is going on, in everything human, cause them to lay hold of the golden opportunity of serving their day and generation. Whether placed in the chair of state or occupying the humble control of the family circle, whether in the pulpit or on the bench, one may do something for the common cause.

JESUS AND THE DEAD DOG.—THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALLEGORIES.—A very old Persian story says: Jesus arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and he sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place.

And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together, looking at an object on the ground; and he drew near, to see what it was.

It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a filer, a more abject, a more unclean thing, never met the eye of man.

And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence.

"Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose, "it pollutes the air." "How long?" said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third, "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth, "he had been hanged for thieving."

And Jesus heard them; and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said, "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth."

Then the people turned toward him with amazement, and said among themselves, "Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only he could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog; and being astounded, they bowed their heads before him, and went each on his way.

Macaulay stated to Mrs. Stowe that all the cathedrals in Europe were undoubtedly the result of one or two minds; that they rose into existence very nearly contemporaneously, and were built by traveling companies of masons, under the direction of some systematic organization.

[From the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.]
THE BIRDING PHANOM.
A Starting Narrative of Psychological Phenomena.

BY M. HARDIN ANDREWS.

[CONCLUDED.]

The wife was amazed at what she beheld. She could now no longer doubt the perfect sanity of her husband, while her *unbelief* in omens or supernatural agencies, of whatever kind, was completely shaken—nay, entirely removed. She could not question the palpable evidences of her unclouded senses. Everything that her husband had described as the teachings of his trance or vision, was presented in tangible reality to her perceptions. She had, however, little time for reflection upon their mysterious, solemn and portentous importance, before her husband again addressed her:

"This, Lizzy, is the monument I beheld in my death-dream. Promise me that you will cause one to be procured as nearly alike to it as may be, and erect it at the head of my grave, with only such inscription engraved thereon as may tell the simple story of my birth and death. One thing more I have yet to ask of you, my dear and loving wife. It is this: Let there be no unnecessary parade or ceremony at my funeral; let my grave habiliments, instead of the usual shroud or winding-sheet, be the clothing of my ordinary wear, and have me placed in the grave with my head toward the setting, and my feet to the rising sun. Promise me this, sweet sharer of my sorrows and joys heretofore. He had died in the full flush and vigor of his manhood—without disease apparently of any kind whatever. The usual verdict in such cases, "Died by the visitation of God," accordingly was duly rendered. The body was buried in the secluded grave, by the brook and the willows, where the wild roses bloomed and the melody of birds resounded in the depth of the forest shrubbery and trees, while the white marble memorial was not omitted from the requirements the departed had enjoined in fulfillment of the several specialties of his mysterious vision. The young widow realized that her husband had literally "set his house in order," previous to his demise. The writings at which he had engaged himself the day previous to his death, proved to be a draft of his will; while his business with the attorney was with a view to the collection of funds due him, and the closing up of his temporal affairs, as one quitting business entirely, or about to journey to another land. His property was found amply sufficient for all the wants and luxuries which his relict would be likely to require during a life of many years, after he had himself departed to that "bourn from whence no traveller returns." But glittering gold, and the pomp and pageantry of life, have no charms for the stricken heart, or the bereaved soul. The widow could find no consolation in her loneliness—there was now no joy left to fill up the aching void of her heart. Though she prayed "God's will be done," it was many weeks before she could bring herself submissively to say with the poet—

"And when He takes away,
He takes but what He gave."

She at length became possessed with the strange desire to have the *Spirit* of her husband manifest itself to her in some special manner or other, and oftentimes sought the solitude and darkness of a remote chamber, with the hope of seeing the *ghost* of the loved departed one. She even ventured alone to the "Garden of the Graves," at the witching hour of night when apparitions are wont to appear; but there came no shapely form in grave habiliments to gratify her gaze; and there was no token or manifestations by which she could be informed of the bliss or gloom of the soul of her husband in the world of Spirits.

At length, however, about six months after the death of her husband, the widow retired to rest at night, and falling into a slumber, dreamed that her husband stood by her side, as he had usually appeared when in the heyday of his health and happiness. He addressed her in some endearing terms, and she put forth her arms to receive his caresses, when she awoke and realized that she had only dreamed! To make "assurance doubly sure," she arose from the bed and lit a lamp, as if she would in this way convince herself of his *tangible* presence or otherwise, although such procedure was but an act of supererogation, since a full bright moon beamed into the chamber, and revealed every object with the distinctness of the light of day. She threw up the casement, and allowing the cooling zephyrs of the evening to fan her brow, returned to her couch, and again dreamed of seeing her husband. She saw him as he lay a corpse in his coffin, and bending down she imprinted a kiss upon his pallid brow, and breathed a brief prayer for the repose and happiness of his soul. As she did so, the dead form instantly changed into a canary bird, which opened its mouth and distinctly uttered— "I am happy in heaven, Elizabeth, where you will meet me on the *second anniversary* of our Willy's departure." The bird bent his tiny neck caressingly to her lips, opened its bill and put out her ruby little tongue, as if ready to receive a crumb of food from the parent canary. Then, as she was about to utter an expression of fondness, the little creature flew down her throat and choked her speech, when she awoke, and found that what she had seen and heard were only the vagaries of the sleeping hour. She had "dreamt a dream which was not all a dream!" At least she fancied that the poor little bird remained lodged in her throat for several days afterwards, when it was suddenly and mysteriously released from its singular prison. There was certainly no "delusion" in regard to a certain protuberance in her neck, as if she had swallowed the core of an apple, whose presence was coincident with her dream and the three days subsequent thereto. Indeed, such was the choking sensation she experienced during the time of the clogment of the oesophagus, that she actually concluded to call in a surgeon to make an incision for its displacement, when it was suddenly removed by some agency beyond her comprehension altogether.

From the night of that *double dream* the wailing widow no longer mourned as one who would not be comforted. A calm serenity of mind was hers—nay, a degree of happiness and contentment which were characteristic of her gentle and buoyant nature. She had witnessed the entire fulfillment of the presentiment or vision vouchsafed to her husband, and now fully believed the voice of the canary of her dream, which declared that she should meet her husband in heaven on the ensuing anniversary of his demise, and that of their child, "Willy."

In sooth, the "beautiful destroyer" already lay in the widow's heart, now paling cheeks like the early lily, and again scattering over them the rose and the rainbow. *Consumption* had marked his prey. Anon the angel hurled the fatal shaft, and "life's fitful dream was o'er." It was the "anniversary day." She sat in a room with her mother and sister, engaged intently with her needle upon a cambric collar, intended for the latter, and *fin-*

wishing the same, she remarked—"There, mother, my work is done!" She stretched forth her hand to present the article to her little sister—she smiled through a tear which glistened in her eye—her breathing seemed oppressed, and the rose which a moment before bloomed on her countenance vanished in fitful streaks, like the midnight dances of the northern lights, and her soul had gone to meet its *Spirit-mate* in heaven! The canary bird, too, strange as it seemed, again was present at the flight of the soul to its home in the phantom world. It came and went as suddenly and mysteriously as the same bird, or its affiliated predecessors, had done on former occasions of sorrow and death.

Little more remains to be told to conclude our tale of Psychology and Presentiments. It was early in June. The swallows chased each other in sport, twittering as they flew over the clear waters and lakes of the cemetery. Every bush, every tree, yea every branch, sent forth the music of the singing birds. The very air seemed redolent with melody, from the bold song of the thrush, to the pleasant chirrup of that king musician, the grasshopper. The fields and the leaves were in the loveliness and freshness of youth, luxuriating in the sunbeams, in the depths of their summer green. The yellow butterfly sported the live long day along the flowery banks of the stream, alighting occasionally to lave its fairy wings in the cooling element, while the bee hummed in merry mood as it pursued its honied errand from flower to flower. On a day like this she died; and on a day of equal joy among all things of Nature, the last relic of the late happy family was buried at the side of her husband, by the singing brook and the weeping willows, in that lovely "Garden of the Dead."

[Norz.—There now living in Philadelphia several individuals, and many in Baltimore, who were acquainted with the parties, and are able to attest to the truth of the material facts and incidents of the foregoing narrative. The occurrences were before the advent of the "Rochester Rappers," and the now common belief in "Spiritual Communications" though the works of Davis and other writers on Spiritual Theology had made their appearance, and become familiar to the minds of both the lady and gentleman who were the subjects of the "Psychological phenomena" detailed in our sketch. Whether the marvellous "presentments" and "dreams" are referable to the impressions traced on the brain by such mystic writings, or whether the canary birds were *living*, or mere *phantom* creatures, cannot be determined by those better versed in mental alchemy and metempsychosian mysteries than ourselves.

[From the Spirit Advocate.]

A VISIT TO J. KOONS' SPIRIT-ROOM.

DECEMBER 13, 1854.

For the benefit of those who may wish to visit the Spirit-room of J. Koons, at Athens County, Ohio, I would remark that the most direct way to this place, from Cincinnati and the West, at this season of the year, is by the Railroad from Cincinnati to Lancaster, and from Lancaster to Chancery, (40 miles) by stage; from Kootz's Hotel, in Chancery, to Koons's, is about two miles, over a hilly road; and for those who are able to walk, it affords good exercise to climb the hills. When the Ohio river is navigable, visitors may come by boat to Pomeroy, and then by stage to Athens, and thence to Chancery.

I arrived here Dec. 10, 1854, and found Mr. Koons and family occupying a "double log-house," in a very romantic spot among the hills, surrounded with a good stock of apple and peach trees, which give something of the appearance of comfort to the surrounding scenery.

The "Spirit-room" is about 12 by 16 feet, one story, and made of logs. In the room is a table, or platform, about 2 by 6 feet, on which is placed a frame-work, supporting a bass and tenor drum, with upright plates of zinc and copper, connected by wires, and small bells hung along the wires. There are shelves on one side of the room, back of the table above mentioned, on which are various articles. In addition to the drums, are two violins, a guitar, banjo, tambourine, accordion, harmonicon, a tin trumpet, about two feet long, very small at the small end, and about an inch in diameter at the large end—That part of the room occupied by the "Circle" and spectators, is about equal to ten feet square: in that is a small stove, table, and seats. There are two windows in the room, closed by shutters, and when the door is closed, all are snugly secured.

On the evening of the 11th the circle met in the Spirit-room—I was the only stranger present. After all was arranged, and the circle seated, the light was extinguished, and very soon a heavy blow on the table, by the "large stick" of the bass drum, announced that the Spirits were present. Then followed a powerful shaking of the table and apparatus, for a few moments, and a signal was given to commence the music. Mr. Koons commenced playing on the violin, and the drums beat to time to the music for some time; then, after a moment's cessation, another tune was commenced—the drums beat, and the tambourine was shook over our heads and passed round the room, backward and forward, sometimes resting on the heads of the mediums, for a moment, then suspended over my head—at the same time I felt a blow on my left thigh, which was like a shock of electricity perading my whole frame;—again, as it passed me, it struck me three times, producing each time a peculiar sensation, every nerve felt its power. At length the tambourine dropped on the table, and the violin was taken up and played in concert with Mr. Koons; that also, passed over our heads, around the room, for some time; the trumpet was also used by the Spirits, producing a soft tone, like a sweet, female voice, accompanying the violins and bass drum. At length the Spirit handed me the violin, which I took and held for a few minutes; then the Spirit took the harmonicon and played several tunes accompanied with the bass drum. All, now, seemed harmonious: the Spirits were now seen moving about the room with a bit of phosphorus, dancing up and down in every direction, as if delighted with the music of the violin. A band was seen, by the light of phosphorus; but not very distinctly—the light was not sufficient. When the music ceased, the Spirit spoke through the trumpet—some questions were asked and answered. I was told that some of my Spirit-friends were present, and were desirous to give me a communication; but could not to-night, but would do so before I left the place. The Spirit then said we would meet you again to-morrow night—bade us good night, dropped the trumpet, and all was thus ended the performance.

DECEMBER 12.

According to appointment, we were again in the Spirit-room—The performances were similar to those of last night. While the tambourine was passing round, it rested in my lap, and I took hold of it. I was touched very gently, several times, during the performance. The Spirits were seen moving about the room, as before; and, at my request, the hand came to me and rested on my own for a moment; they then took paper and placed it on the table, and with my pencil wrote the following:

"To MR. HASKELL.—There are many of your Spirit-friends around you; we know your labor and anxiety; press forward in the good cause, and your labor will be instrumental in reclaiming many weary souls to a true knowledge of their duties to God and themselves. We are glad to meet you here, so that you may see the evidence of man's state of immortality. Men are not, generally, to blame for their skepticism, by reason of the persons of their rulers and clerical guides. Angels are waiting for their redemption from the thralldom into which they are drawn; but the perversion of man is so great that they will not believe their own senses.—God speed the day of their deliverance. Given by Spirit-friends, by the favor of the circle."

The above was written by the Spirit-hand, very rapidly, not more than three feet from me; and when finished, the paper was handed to me, and my pencil returned to me; I saw the hand distinctly as it handled me the pencil. After the writing, a few words were spoken through the trumpet. I asked the Spirit if he would answer me some questions; he replied, "we have written to you;" and then bid me good-night; and all was

still. Perhaps I ought to have said that I examined the room and apparatus, saw that there was no writing on the paper, and was satisfied that there was no preparation to deceive, before the light was extinguished. Here was, to me, a most satisfactory proof of the existence of Spirits, disconnected from the body; and also their ability to manifest themselves to us, and commune with us. Let him who denies the immortality of the soul visit that room and witness these Spirit-performances, and if he can longer disbelieve, he would doubt even his own existence.

To those who believe in a future state of existence, and yet doubt the power of Spirits to visit and commune with their friends in the body, let me say, come and witness for yourselves—scrutinize everything most thoroughly—satisfy yourselves whether these things are "got up" to deceive the credulous; and if you can detect any trickery or imposition, then proclaim it to the world; but until you have thus proved it all a deception, do not expose your own ignorance and bigotry by denying that Spirits can and do thus commune with mortals.

G. H.

SPIRITUALISM—ITS ANTIQUITY.

BY J. B. FERGUSON.

A REFORM NEEDED.—One of the ugliest peculiarities incident to New England society needs a speedy reformation. We allude to the bad custom of gossiping over a pleasant and harmless intercourse between young people of opposite sexes. What we mean by this is—if a young man is polite, and renders himself agreeable to a young female friend in the "beaten way of friendship" (no matter how intimate the families of both may be), straightforward begin the sly whisper and the open carol. Busy tongues pour into greedy ears the welcome news that Mr. —— was seen walking once or twice with Miss —— alone in broad day! Or, if the above mentioned gentleman invites his friend to the theatre or a concert, it is all over with them—a wedding may be expected shortly.

What is the consequence of all this foolishness on the part of lookers on? Simply this:—quiet, inoffensive young man is deprived of the society of a good-tempered girl, who would improve his manners and be of great service to him as a friend. Very often, if he be denied social interchange of conversation in this way, or ramble with a pleasant companion, he will look elsewhere, not unfrequently out of the pale of respectability, for his associates. It is a bad custom worth mending, this constant espionage thus tyrannically held in our day, and we hope good sense and a better policy will tend to drive out so foul and wicked a practice.

Boston Transcript.

FANNY FERN'S OPINION OF SUNDAY.—This should be the best day of all the seven; not ushered in with asperit, or lengthened face, or stiff and rigid manners. Sweetly upon the still Sabbath air should float the matin hymn of happy childhood; blending with the early song of birds, and wafted upward, with flowers' incense, to Him whose name is Love. It should be no day for puzzling the half-developed brain of childhood with gloomy creeds, to shake the simple faith that prompts the innocent lips to say, "Our Father." It should be no day to sit upright on stiff-chairs till the golden sun should set. No: the birds should not be more welcome to warble, the flowers to drink in the air and sunlight, or the trees to toss their little limbs, free and featherless. "I'm so sorry that to-morrow is Sunday!" From whence does this sad lament issue? From under your roof? O mistaken but well-meaning parent; from the lips of your child, whom you compel to listen to two or three unintelligible sermons, sandwiched between Sunday schools, and finished off at nightfall by tedious repetitions of creeds and catechisms, till sleep releases your weary victim! No wonder your child shudd